

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Personal and Literary.

A strong petition to Congress is being prepared, with the object of securing an appropriation for the purchase of the papers of the Gen. Count de Rochambeau. These papers, as illustrating the French view of the Revolution, would be of great value to students of American history.

Dom Pedro is going to publish an account of his travels in the Old and New World. The first volume is complete, and contains an account of his travels in the United States. The book will be printed in Paris, and the proofs are to be sent to Constantinople. The Emperor has written his story in Portuguese, but it has already been translated into English, French and German, and is to be published in the four languages about the close of the year.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson has been devoting himself, as far as his dramatic engagements will permit, to oil painting, and his talent is bearing fruit. An enthusiastic English admirer says he bids fair to become as famous in one department of art as in another. Some of the greatest painters have passed high encomiums upon his works. It should be understood that his studies in oil have been of comparatively recent origin, although he has long had reputation for skill with the pencil.

Sothern arranged a practical joke to celebrate the close of his recent engagement at Boston. He caused Mr. J. C. Goodwin, a well known dramatic author, to occupy a stage-box, and interrupt the performance with a boisterous demand for an explanation of what it was all about. This furnished occasion for a pithy dialogue between the comedian on the stage and the comedian off it, and enlisted the sympathies of the audience in favor of the former. Goodwin was disguised, and was not recognized by any body present until he was taken from the house by a policeman. Then every body was compelled to confess the "do."

Science and Industry.

The glass-makers of Germany have adopted Herr Pieper's process for tempering glass, by subjecting it while red-hot to the action of super-heated steam.

The adulteration of red wine in France by coloring matter has gone so far that the Government has taken the matter up, and will bring offenders to punishment.

An eminent French chemist says that ozone, or active oxygen, is a deadly poison instead of being a remedy. It may possibly be of assistance in preventing too great a rise of temperature, but to carelessly disseminate it to destroy miasma is dangerous.

A French chemist makes the remarkable announcement that the mere presence of an iron bar in a box of grain, biscuit and the like will prevent both decay and attacks of insects. It's not an expensive experiment. Any farmer can find a broken plow-share or log-chain to put in the grain-bin.

Experiments with dynamite in England, by dropping of heavy weights and discharging gunpowder, show that no concussion, however violent, will explode it. Its intense local action was also demonstrated; and its efficacy as a fog-signal shown by firing a cartridge on the end of a rod without injury to the latter.

A machine has been invented in England for utilizing the rolls of a ship, caused by the ocean swell, as a means of propelling the vessel. By the rise and fall, air is compressed into cylinders, which can be used as reservoirs of power. The inventor thinks that an average Atlantic wave will give as much impulse as a 200-horse-power engine.

Several recent losses of vessels by fire, caused by spontaneous combustion of coal, have occasioned inquiry into the subject in England, and it is found that ventilation of coal is responsible for these disasters. Rapid oxidation of substances found in coal, especially iron pyrites, often produces enough heat to set the coals on fire; and the absorbing and condensing of oxygen in the coal fires has the same effect. The risks of spontaneous combustion are increased by the length of the voyage and the bulk of the cargo.

School and Church.

A Hindoo has just passed out of the Roorkee College, India, at the head of his class, in which he had English competitors.

There are said to be 800,000 Protestants in France. Dr. Hitchcock, who says it, is considered good authority. Protestant missionaries spent last year in France about \$400,000.

The Anti-Mission—vulgarily known as the "hard-shell"—Baptists are no longer reported with other Baptists in the Year Book issued by the Baptist Publication Society. Their number is still considerable in the South; in the whole United States it is 41,454.

There were during the last summer term 75,748 students in attendance upon the 228 gymnasia of Prussia. As showing the Church tendencies of the population, it is stated that of the entire number 52,850 pupils were members of the Protestant Church, 15,509 Roman Catholics, 7,378 Jews, and 11 Dissenters.

There is a body of Baptists in West Virginia known as the "Thirty-Day Baptists." They are so named because they have preaching only once in thirty days. They are regular Baptists, however, and have preaching only once a month because the churches are too small and poor to support pastors, and one man serves as many as nine congregations.

A large number of Methodist ministers and laymen, representing both the Southern and Northern branches of the Church, met at Louisville on the 25th, the object being the promotion and establishment of feelings more fraternal between the two sections of the denomination than have prevailed since

1844. In that year, during the session of the National Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Louisville, differences that grew partly out of the slavery question caused a division of the Methodist Church into two branches, which during the War became known as Northern and Southern. Two years ago the Conference of the Southern branch, while in session at Louisville, took steps looking to a Church union. Nothing was then definitely accomplished. This year, at Baltimore, the Northern branch also endeavored to bring about a more positive understanding of feeling between the two divisions, and now, so far as union in sentiment, purpose and brotherly love are concerned, the two Churches are in union. At the meeting just held representatives from the Northern and Southern divisions, including Bishop Foster, of Massachusetts, and Bishop Kavanaugh, of Kentucky, delivered addresses, thanking God that the aforesaid union has been brought about after 32 years of separation of the largest ecclesiastical denomination in the United States.

Haps and Mishaps.

John H. Balis, of Bismarck, Dakota, committed suicide on account of domestic troubles.

An infant child of John Clark, of Comanche, Iowa, fell into a tub of water and was drowned.

Miss Anna Spear, aged 26, daughter of S. B. Spear, of Cincinnati, committed suicide by shooting herself through the head and heart. Ill health is supposed to have been the cause.

William Johnson, 18 years of age, of Union County, Dakota, while climbing over a fence with a loaded gun in his hands, accidentally struck the hammer against a rail, discharging the gun, the whole charge passing through his heart.

A party of three young men of Covington, Neb., went out to have a day's hunt. One of them, named Patrick Irwin, in carelessly handling his gun while climbing a fence, shot himself in the head, blowing one side of it to atoms.

Mrs. Hill, wife of a bridge carpenter at Terre Haute, Ind., was working by the stove when her dress caught fire. She ran out of doors, where several men saw and poured water upon her, but the fire was not put out until the clothes were almost entirely burned from her body. She lay in a semi-conscious state for about 12 hours, when she died.

Three boys, while gunning in the woods near Philadelphia, had a friendly tussle for the possession of a pistol. During the struggle the pistol was discharged, the ball entering the head of John McCall, who died in a few hours. The other boys were arrested to await the action of the Coroner.

At Sioux City, Iowa, George R. Witeman, a miller in the City Mills, was adjusting a belt, when his clothing was caught by a shaft, which made 60 revolutions before he was released. In revolving with the shaft his feet struck the ceiling, pounding them and one arm to a jelly. A millwright working near succeeded in throwing the machinery out of gear, and rescuing the unfortunate man, but it was thought he could not survive.

A young man named Geo. Miller, 20 years of age, of Worcester, Mass., was accidentally shot at the Sportsmen's Club, while attending the target for some members of the rifle team, who were practicing. He was deceived by a shot in the woods near the grounds, and, thinking the rifleman had fired at the target, stepped in front of it just in time to receive a ball from one of the rifles. He lived but a few moments.

Foreign Notes.

The attacks of the French radical journals upon the Empress Eugenie have led to investigation of her family records, and the legitimacy of her birth has been established beyond dispute.

A curious provision of French etiquette is that which exempts the Duke d'Aumale from "requesting the honor" of the Marshal-President's company, as all ordinary entertainers who are in a position to extend invitations at all are expected. The Duke, being of royal blood, is only expected to request "the pleasure" of seeing the President of the Republic.

The deficit on the performances of the Ring der Nibelungen at Bayreuth, amounted to \$15,000, which the corporation of the town has undertaken to pay on condition that the Tetralogy (not Trilogy) shall be repeated next year. The price of admission for the series will be \$25. This year it was \$75, and over \$100,000 was spent by visitors at Bayreuth during the progress of the performances.

Charles Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant, while lecturing in an English town the other night, were interrupted by persons in the audience. Mr. Bradlaugh intimated that the next man doing it should be put out, whereupon a local tradesman "dared him." Down came Bradlaugh from the platform, and the subsequent proceedings were painfully interesting to the local tradesman.

Three members of the English House of Lords within the last six years have committed suicide. Lord Walsingham, Lord Delaware, and more lately Lord Ribblesdale. The last, Lord Russell's son-in-law, aged 47, was known as a dissipated man. Lord Delaware destroyed himself in a fit of love-melancholy, but Lord Walsingham's self-destruction remains one of the most mysterious of its kind. Within a month after the Prince of Wales had paid him a visit at his seat in Norfolk, Lord Walsingham, without any known reason for the act, destroyed himself.

A lady writing from Paris to the Chicago Times says that in France women of the highest rank post themselves at the exit doors of the churches after service, with an enticing little bag, in which they supplicate you to invest. This is part of the duties of their Church membership. The writer adds: "I have seen Patti on her knees on a praying-chair, at the great door of the Madeleine, in Paris, begging those leaving the church for contributions for the poor. I noticed that the stream of out-growers passed her way, so as to have a good look at the charming diva, and

her reticence became full so soon she was obliged to send for another."

Countess Hadich has been received as a Freemason in a Hungarian lodge under the Grand Orient of Hungary. The Countess is a highly educated lady, and having studied and become well versed in Masonic literature she was regularly proposed and seconded in open lodge, balloted for, and in due course was duly initiated. The Grand Orient of Hungary, however, declare the initiation to be null and void, on the ground that a woman is disqualified from being a Freemason; and the curious question now arises whether, as the Countess was actually initiated, she can be refused admission to her lodge. The London Freemason is authority for the statement.

Odds and Ends.

This is an age of sudden changes. The girl who is picking up autumn leaves this fall may be picking up codfish a year hence for a short-haired man with a wart.—Danbury News.

An intelligent youth, recently engaged in a commercial office, made out a shipping bill for "fourty" barrels of flour. His employer called his attention to an error in the spelling of forty. "Sure enough," replied the promising clerk, "I left out the gh."

He was not a scientist, but he was modest, and when a young man asked him at the tea table what was meant by an ornithorynchus he frowned, and reminded him that there are some things which should not be mentioned before ladies.—Norwich Bulletin.

Grace Greenwood's experience is nearly complete. She has rode a male in the mountains a la clothes-pin, and recently she took a ride on the cow-catcher of a locomotive. But she says she never will climb the cow-catcher again. She only wants to ride a saw-log over some of the St. Lawrence rapids now, and her education will be finished.

In a time of great political excitement when Johnnie's Republican father often spoke against the politics of his little cousin Bennie's Democratic father, the former was one night in doubt about the propriety of praying for the latter, but at last he determined to keep his friend in the prayer, and closed by saying, "and bless Cousin Bennie, if his father is a Democrat!"

They attempted to take one of Barnum's new giraffes across Rhode Island last week, but just as it was on the Massachusetts line it reached over and ate up about half of a hay-stack in a farm-yard in Connecticut, and when the farmer came out with a club and attacked the Connecticut end, the Massachusetts end got mad and kicked a man in Boston and nearly killed him. It created a good deal of excitement at the time in Rhode Island, and most of the people stepped out of the State till it was over.

The sad intelligence comes that the orang-outang in the Berlin Zoological Garden died recently of consumption. His loss is deeply felt. As an orang-outang he was an ornament to his profession, and in the social circle he shone pre-eminent. He was always kind to the female chimpanzee, and toward the gorilla showed no envy nor petty malice. He wore his whiskers in the style of the kaiser, and though he hadn't at the time of his death evolved his tail off, was always manly in his ways. In the midst of life we are in debt.—St. Louis Republican.

A Slight Mistake.

There's a good story, and a true one withal, relative to Mr. Gill, long reporter for the Boston Post, and well known as a "fellow of infinite jest." He was reporting a dinner of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the battle of Bunker's Hill. The dinner was a splendid affair, and every body was patriotic. Gill, when the excitement was at boiling point, whispered to a friend, one of those gentlemen who are always "happy" in speech-making, that his father was engaged in the battle of Bunker's Hill. The orator arose—made a brilliant speech—alluded to Gill's father and Gill in the highest terms, and proposed Gill's health, which was drunk with the usual honors, and one or two more. There were shouts of "Gill, Gill," and he made a speech, returning thanks in the usual manner, and said, "But my learned friend omitted one fact—an important fact—of which he might have been unaware. My father was in the battle of Bunker's Hill, but he, unfortunately, fought on the British side!" There was not quite so much enthusiasm after that, and Gill has not indulged in speeches since.—Yonkers Gazette.

The late Rufus Choate is described in a late number of the Albany Law Journal as a man six feet in height, with a powerful chest and shoulders and gaunt frame. His hands and feet were large, and he walked with a rolling gait. His face, of a bilious, coffee-colored complexion, was deeply corrugated with wrinkles and hollows, and his eyes large, deep-set, and wonderfully expressive. His hair was black, curly and luxuriant. He was generally attired in ill fitting, slouching garments. He shrieked, raved, swung his fists, and distorted his body into unnatural contortions, and poured forth his arguments with startling force and velocity, but with the arrangement, detail and wide command of language of a born orator, utterly forgetful of himself in the abandon of the moment, his whole soul being thrown into the cause he had undertaken to present.

It was a free-luncher who mournfully and weakly staggered up to a basement house of beastly entertainment for men, drawing his shirt, coat-sleeve across his bristling chest. "Strike it?" inquired his hungry friend. A nod was the reply. "What was it?" "Shadow soup." The seeker after sustenance inquiring for information on the secret of constructing this new refreshment, had the response to him imparted. "Take a pot of pure water; set it on the floor within the rays of the sun struggling through the basement window panes; let a chicken walk slowly by on the outside of the glass. Its form falling into the water, you have shadow soup."

The "Book of Mormon" and How It Originated.

A correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean writes:

Public attention was first called to the Book of Mormon and to the organization of the church of that name at Kirtland, Lake County, O., in the year 1834. Sidney Rigdon was at that time the recognized organizer and leader of the new order. The writer lived with him in a few miles of Kirtland at the time, and although quite young he has a distinct recollection of the public sentiment and feeling as to the new religion.

After this new religion had succeeded in attracting some attention, and had obtained quite a number of adherents by the efforts of Rigdon, Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, it began to challenge the criticism and investigation of a class of minds far above those who, through superstition and religious frenzy, had joined the order. Among these were Eber D. Howe and Storm Rosa. Mr. Howe was the editor of the Painesville Telegraph and Mr. Rosa was a practicing physician. They resolved to see what there was in Mormonism, and went to work. The result was a book of some 500 pages entitled "Mormonism Unveiled." I presume the book could be obtained now by sending to the Postmaster or Mayor of Painesville, O., where the authors lived. Painesville is but ten miles from Kirtland.

The pretense of the Church leaders that the Book of Mormon had its origin from the discovery of the plates by Joseph Smith, as claimed in the letter of W. W., was one of the first things to be exposed. This the authors did by showing that the original Book of Mormon was a religious romance prepared by Solomon Spaulding, a retired preacher of the gospel, of Ashabula County, Ohio; and this fact was shown by the sworn affidavits of Mrs. Spaulding and a large number of the immediate neighbors and friends of Mr. Spaulding, whom he often entertained during long evenings with reading portions of his romance. These affidavits, in describing the romance and in giving the names of the actors, the scenes and incidents narrated, and all the surrounding circumstances, leave no doubt of the two books.

It is further shown that Mr. S., after completing his book, went with his manuscript to a certain printer in Pittsburgh, Pa., to have it published, and while the printer was examining the manuscript and considering the subject, Mr. Spaulding was taken sick and died. The book further shows that Sidney Rigdon was at that time a journeyman printer in the same office applied to by Mr. S., and had assisted in examining the manuscript. It further shows that Spaulding's widow after his death applied to the printer for the manuscript of her husband's romance, but it could not be found. "Mormonism Unveiled" further shows that about this time a young and very eccentric man by the name of Joseph Smith, in the County of Chautauqua, N. Y., was attracting considerable attention as a "seer" who pretended that by looking at a certain stone placed in his hat drawn close to his face he would discover hidden things and unknown facts; and that Rigdon had changed his residence from Pittsburgh to the neighborhood of this "seer."

The plates mentioned by W. W. next make their appearance as having been discovered by this "seer" Joe Smith. Here Oliver Cowdery's services are called in to translate the inscriptions and hieroglyphics of the plates, he being a man of learning. And the result of all this was the advent of the Mormon Bible into the world and the establishment at Kirtland of the Church of the Latter-day Saints, with Rigdon, Smith, and Cowdery at its head, with a few followers as devoted as Catholicism itself could wish.

The combined effects of "Mormonism Unveiled" and the collapse of the Kirtland Safety Fund Bank, got up by these same men, whose bills had been spread as broadcast as possible, and the constantly occurring troubles between the Mormons and the surrounding citizens, compelled them to abandon Kirtland. These troubles were of the same kind as those that subsequently led to Smith's death at Nauvoo, Ill. He was, in fact, arrested and tried for an attempt to commit murder, but slipped through the meshes of the law, as many a culprit has done. The charge was that Smith had persuaded a meek member of the faith by the name of Denton to believe that it was the will of God that a man by the name of Grandison Newell should be removed, as he was a wicked hindrance to the progress of the church. And Denton waylaid Newell to kill him; Newell failed to put in an appearance at the requisite time, and Denton told the story. Judge Bissell, who is now living a retired life at Red Oak, Ia., successfully defended Smith.

Many are the stories told by the former people of Kirtland of the fruitless efforts of the Mormons to work miracles in support of their faith. One would scarcely believe at this time that fanaticism or folly could carry any people to the extent it did these Mormons. It is susceptible of the strictest proof that Smith, in an attempt "to walk on the water," got his foot off the plank just below the surface for him to walk on, and went all over into the creek. The saints rushed in to his rescue, concealed the plank, or tried to, and laid his failure to a want of faith. He once undertook the practical operation of casting out the devil, and a devil of a time they had. The facts in this attempt exceed all fiction. Let me state them just as they were stated to me by an eye-witness, Dewitt Miller, now living in Willoughby, O.

The effort was made in a log school-house in the above-named town adjoining Kirtland, and a long, lathy, big, open-mouthed fellow by the name of Ichabod Crandall, who had never found a wonder too big for him to swallow, was selected as the victim to have the devil cast out. Smith preached a preparatory sermon explaining the process of casting out and the divine nature of the power he proposed to use for that purpose. The meeting was for the purpose of showing the divine power. After the sermon the benches were all set back to the

walls and a ring of the faithful was formed in the center, all on their knees and facing inward, with Smith and Crandall in the circle, Crandall lying flat on his belly and making the most unearthly growling. Smith then said he should issue orders for the devil to come out. The first would be mild and persuasive, the second imperative, and the third, such that the devil couldn't stay away any longer.

These orders he proceeded in a gruff, loud voice to give, and with the exact effect prescribed. The devil came out at the last call. But instead of coming from Crandall, he came from a grain sack held by this same man Denton, at the corner of the old stone chimney, and was nothing more nor less than a big black cat. The cat, finding itself in a strange place, set up a great caterwauling; this brought a yelp from several dogs and a shout from twice as many boys. The cat, and the dogs after it, went round the room as though the devil was indeed after both, when the door was opened and the cat and dogs went out and the boys after. The cat was treed, the tree cut down, and the cat killed.

I give this as one of the actual circumstances that took place at the time of the Mormon residence in Kirtland, and the statement can to-day be verified as the truth by witnesses now living in Willoughby, Ohio.

Virginia City, Nevada.

[Correspondence New York Sun.]

Twenty years ago there was no city here, nor any inducement to build one. Even an Indian would have starved to death in this bleak and unproductive region. Nothing grows here except with more careful nursing than an Eastern lady bestows upon her favorite house plants. Not a green thing greets the eye after leaving the bed of the Carson River except occasional patches of sage brush, and even that is stinted in its growth, and shows only an apology for green. There are no natural water courses up here; no rain through the summer months, and no lack of it, or snow, during the winter; no birds, no reptiles, no game, no life other than what has immigrated here with the city. But the overflow of gold hunters from the other side of the mountains finally, in 1857, invaded this desolate region, and, discovering deposits of the precious metals here, the town quickly followed. And now Virginia City itself boasts a population of not less than 30,000, while the suburban mining towns of Gold Hill, Silver City, Dayton, Devil's Gate, and other settlements near at hand, will add 20,000 to the number. One year ago this present month, three-quarters of Virginia City was destroyed by fire; but already that fearful drawback has been overcome, the traces of the conflagration have been obliterated, and the number of buildings now probably exceeds what it was before that disaster.

But, as I remarked before, this is a queer place, and but for the silver and gold upon which it is built it certainly would never have been attempted. Its site is a precipitous slope facing the east. There is not natural level enough in and about the place to turn a wagon on. The principal streets ran north and south, parallel with the face of the mountain, and by means of terraces it is practicable to make a fair grade on these, though that is not done; but on the lateral or cross streets there is no attempt at grades, and the hills, in consequence, are fearful to contemplate. The slope is at an angle of about 35 degrees with the horizon, and as a consequence teaming is a difficult undertaking. One-horse establishments are a rarity, only employed for the lightest purposes, four and six horses being much more common, while for heavy work 10, 12, 14 and 16 horses are employed. These unwieldy teams are very numerous, being met at every turn. They are regularly employed in hauling ore, wood, hay and similar weighty stuff, and manage to move from one to two tons at a load, varying according to the distance and character of the road to be traversed. There are no pavements in the city, and beyond the immediate centers of business, no sidewalks. Man and beast are on a common footing in most of the thoroughfares, and the beast has rather the best of it, since he cares nothing for the fatigues of mud that fills the streets in winter, or the equally deep and wonderfully fine dust that covers them in summer.

The population of the place is as queer as its location, surroundings and general appearance. The miner is, of course, a large element, but by no means the only one. There are about 7,000 of this hardy, industrious, good-natured class employed in the mines within and immediately about the city; but as one-third of these are constantly under ground, another third asleep, leaving only a third of 7,000 visible at any time to the naked eye, it is manifest that there are other large classes here to make up the throngs that fill the streets at all times. I use the term "all times" understandingly, for in one respect, and only one, this place resembles the heaven which the Evangelist saw in his vision—there is no night here. Not that it does not get dark, but the darkness and the light are both alike. Neither is there any Sunday here. But day in and day out, at morning, noon and night, the occupations of the town go on in uninterrupted continuation. The workmen in the mines are employed in three shifts of eight hours each, and as that is the principal legitimate or useful employment of the place, all other vocations are governed by its rules. The man who works eight hours underground requires eight hours sleep, and then is prepared to enjoy eight hours of other diversion. And as there is always one shift at work and another shift taking its rest, so there is the third shift attending to personal matters, seeking amusement, or loafing. And the three change about with the regularity of clockwork, keeping all the activities and callings of the place in constant employ.

The miners are 7,000. Then there are a few superintendents, agents, and bosses, with their families; a small colony of necessary shop-keepers, grocery-men, butchers, and similar honest members of society; a few railroad employees, teamsters, and day laborers; some Chinese laundrymen, wood saw-

yers, and general drudgers; the fragments of a tribe of lazy, shiftless, idle Indians, and what else? Go on C Street—the main business avenue—and you will see. For nearly a mile in extent either side of this street is lined with what out of compliment are called "business places." More than half of these establishments are devoted to the sale of whisky and its accompaniments, and every respectable gin-mill has a rear attachment where gambling is openly carried on, the only requirement of the law or municipal regulation being a license which can be obtained by the payment of a moderate fee.

In these convenient places the tiger lurks and disports himself at all hours of the day and on all days of the week, with the same disregard of hours or seasons that characterizes the working of the mines. Faro, roulette, keno, the various games played with dice, and all other forms of gambling are here indulged with open doors and under the protection of the law. The mining companies "pay out" half a million dollars monthly in gold coin to their employees. Can any body compute what percentage of that sum goes into the coffers of these licensed sharks? The community of professional gamblers, it will be readily seen, is quite a large one, and forms a very influential, if not respectable, portion of the population. Pass from C to D Street, and another of the peculiarities of Virginia City life is unfolded to view. Here licensed vice, and what is elsewhere held to be crime, in another form holds her sway.

Christian Vassals of Turkey Persecuting the Jews.

A few weeks ago five Jews were ordered to leave their homes in Roumania without delay, and this command was followed by a similar order referring to all Israelites residing in villages in the Putna district, where the five co-religionists had also lived. In one place some Jews contrived to bribe the sub-prefect, and were then permitted to remain unmolested. The farmers in the whole district have been authorized by Government officials not to pay any debts which may be owing to Jews, and it need hardly be stated that this authority has been seized with avidity. Numbers of persons have been mercilessly robbed without being able to obtain any redress, the magistrates informing the hapless victims that they have no right to settle in Roumania. In the Putna district there are eighty-four villages, containing three hundred Jewish families, who are thus compelled to seek shelter elsewhere. Jews who have lived ten and even twenty years in the village of Gatinesti have been forced to turn out at the bigoted caprice of a local underling. Surely it is time that some resolute action were taken, not only to prevent a recurrence of these disgraceful events, but to bring summary punishment upon the heads of the offenders. If the Roumanian Government be either too intolerant or faint-hearted to grant the Jews the privileges to which they are entitled, then the civilized governments of Europe should unite in compelling them to take this step.—Jewish World.

A Mother and Two Children Burned to Death.

A special to the Chicago Inter-Ocean from Iowa City, 26th, says: A terrible calamity occurred in North English, Iowa County, some twenty-five miles southwest from here, yesterday forenoon, in which the wife and two little girls, aged 3 and 5 years, of Sylvester Starkweather were burned to death. In the morning Mr. Starkweather went to his field to work, some mile and a half off, and his wife was at work in the yard, having left her two children upstairs. She was soon shocked to see the upper part of the house in flames, and she rushed to it and up the stairs through the dense smoke and flames, but as she reached the top the flames were so intense that she was compelled to back out. Her clothes were burned from her body, and her shoes were charred to a crisp. Here injuries were fatal. When the mother was thus compelled to turn back from her children, they were in the horrible agonies of death. There was nothing found of their remains except portions of their spinal bone which could be recognized. Mr. Starkweather was a hard-working farmer, and had accumulated a comfortable home and property with hopeful prospects of the future. His barn, hay, corn, granary, all his out-buildings were also burned. The pleasant family and comfortable home which he had left in the morning he returned to find all swept away. The poor man is nearly insane.

A Black Hills Incident.

You remember Isaac Spencer Parsons, a fellow of infinite mirth and jollity. He had enlisted in the Wyandotte Rangers, and yesterday he went out from the fort on a private foraging expedition. This morning his mangled remains were brought in. His body was found in a piece of dead wood about five miles from camp. He had been shot and scalped by the Indians, his ears cut off, and his body otherwise horribly mutilated. But when you tell the story of his death, tell also that he died as an American soldier—with his face to the foe. And night him was found the evidence that he had sold his life dearly, and before he had been overpowered he had sent two of his assailants to the happy hunting grounds. Poor Spencer's rifle and pistol had been taken and his body stripped by the pensioners on Uncle Sam's bounty.—Cor. Troy (N. Y.) Press.

Irene A. V. House, who shot her husband and was acquitted by a New Jersey jury the other day, is going to hire a hall and tell the public all about it. Her agent, who is to secure the hall in New York for her lecture, is Gerritt House, one of the brothers of the murdered man. The lovely murderers and the House "boys" are a queer lot.

Miss Stella Hutton, aged 18, of Washington, D. C., quarreled with her parents, and then committed suicide.